
Title: Discovery of the Tomb

Author: Tavera Sewel

Day Sixteen:

Why do I write? I must...

not so much because

there must be some

record of this... what's

happened here... as for

my own sanity. The act

of putting pen to paper

calms me, focuses me,

even in this madness.

Lysander is dead. So

many are dead. And we're

trapped here, trapped

forever in this nightmare.

He would not let us pass,

wild in his psychosis,

furious, spitting, covered

in blood, he swung the

ancient dagger at any

who approached. He

babbled incoherently,

cursed at us, the most

hateful curses, prophecy,

doom upon us. Bergen

would have none of it.

Finally, he leapt at

Lysander, his massive axe

at his side. But he would

not be the end of the

mad mage... no... they

were... those hands,

covered in the dirt of

the grave, maggots, filth.

They rose up behind

Lysander. That look of

curiosity on the mage's

face as Bergen skidded

to a halt... t'was almost

a moment of sanity for

him, surely, to attempt

to comprehend what could

have stopped the warrior

in his tracks. And then

they were upon him.

Skeletal hands, arms, and

faces with loose,

corrupted flesh hanging

from yellow bone. Inhuman,

yet once human,
staggering towards us as
their companions tore at
Lysander, coming towards
us in droves.